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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE FREEDMAN'S RIGHT TO CITIZENSHIP.

BY HORACE DRESSER.

The signers of the Declaration of Independence enunciated certain great truths in that memorable instrument, which it may be well to notice by way of introduction to the views which follow.

In that great State paper they asserted in general language, in a cosmopolitan sense, that man is the possessor of certain rights, among which they enumerated, first, the right to life; second, the right to liberty; third, the right to pursue happiness, and all these as a creature of God, and not thereby as a citizen of the State. They very justly and properly, and in accordance with the truest and highest moral and political philosophy, declare that he may not alienate these rights—these endowments of the Creator; rights superior to and infinitely above all rights of property, corporeal and incorporeal; rights related to that which constitutes his essential being, depending not on tenements or hereditaments, tangible or intangible, and incapable of valuation or appraisement. Their equation is the *aliquid incommensurabile infinitumque*. Vast as they are and beyond the power of alienation, they may be weakened—they may be lessened—they may be forfeited by reason of the arrangements of society and the ordinances of government. These rights are gifts of God to man. In a state of nature he may exercise them freely, and is accountable only to the Great Giver for the manner of their exercise. He has legislated for man in this behalf, and the code which he has established, comes to instruct and direct him, written upon the fleshy tablets of the heart, and is older than Moses' Law, which is but its transcript engraved upon that legislator's tables of stone. But the moral law has ever been violated. Though its penalties have ever been visited on the offender by the judgments of the Court of Conscience, which holds perpetual session in the Inner Temple of his being, and though sorrowfully he hath learned that the way of the transgressor is hard, there has always been a necessity for the dynamics of human government to guard and protect and secure these rights. Hence the origin of governments among men. Wisely, therefore, did the subscribers of the Great Declaration appeal to the potent underlying principle of all just government, viz., the security of these rights.

Great Britain, as a nation, in the exercise of the functions of government over her Colonial subjects in America, had ceased to respect those superior rights of man, as such, and had commenced to trespass upon those inferior or lesser ones which belonged to him as a citizen. These latter, the rights of the citizen, though not specifically set forth in terms and by name in their great proclamation of 1776, may be seen to have entered as well into the motives of the men who proclaimed to the world the reasons for the rights of a man, whether citizen or alien. Nothing is clearer than that this declaration is the exponent of what the men of that time conceived to belong to all persons whatsoever—to all members of the State. It is a Declaration of Sentiments concerning what kind of government they intended to establish if victorious in their warfare with the parent country, as well as an Act of Separation from it. It contains nothing specific, however, in respect to the particular mode or system of administration. As subsequent events have shown, they did not so much care to change the laws and customs concerning person and property, under which they had lived, as they cared to cast off allegiance to the Crown, and create a new order of things founded on the principle of self-government. This is seen in the fact that they continued to recognize the rules of the Common Law, and to consider them as much obligatory on the citizen of the new nation, as when a subject of the rejected power. They adopted its doctrines and followed its principles in the administration of justice, scarcely ever refusing to acquiesce in the decisions of the Courts of Westminster, and rarely modifying, by enactments, the course or method of their proceedings.

The theories concerning the rights of man and of the citizen, as explained and illustrated by the English elementary law writers, came to be accredited and received notions and beliefs of judges and jurists of the day, in all the Colonies. To such an extent was there an adoption of the Common Law and the language and definitions of the English law literature, that it is now difficult to write or to speak of certain matters and things in our national Constitution, without reference to the English nomenclature. The word, *citizen*, so important a term in these remarks, is without a definition or explanation in the Constitution. This shows that the framers of it used language well known and settled in that day, and derived from the books of British Jurisprudence.

Can it be for a moment credited, that the very rights for which the men of the Revolution so loudly and righteously clamored, should have no place nor provision in their coming Constitution and laws? Is it possible that they should forget or neglect to secure for themselves all the immunities and privileges of citizenship enjoyed by them before the dismemberment, and ordain and establish a system of government and laws less regardful and protective of the rights of man and the citizen, than that to whose authority they would no longer be subject? What rights belonged to a person under the Royal Rule—what rights did he exercise as a subject of Great Britain in the hour of the dissolution of the Colonial ties? They certainly could not be less in extent or poorer in quality than before the severance of the ligament which bound the Colonists to the Throne. By the law of nations they would have been entitled to retain and enjoy their religion, their lands, their usages, their customs, in private and public affairs, had they become conquered provinces and the subjects of some other power than that to which they just before belonged. Stronger and juster, indeed, ought to be their claim to the enjoyment and exercise of all their ancient and accustomed rights, when they are, in a certain sense, both the conquerors and the conquered! Nature's first law, self-protection, that truly Higher Law, which is the voice of God, had prompted the movement, and they were freemen—free in fact, in the use of what things, and in the occupancy and possession of what places they before had.

The transition from the rule of another to self-government, though an epoch in the history of men and an event which will never be forgotten, did not necessarily overturn the foundations of the social fabric, nor destroy the nature and relation of things, nor obliterate the distinctions between right and wrong, nor change the ideas of men in matters of taste and religion. The common rights of man and the citizen remained the same. The mantle of rights which enfolded the Colonist, continued to be his accustomed costume when he assumed allegiance to the Potestate of the Isles, Foreign rule only was cast aside. Domestic usage in the main, was allowed its current. All this was in accordance with that law which always permitted the inhabitants of the subjugated territory to hold their houses, their lands, their wives, their children and whatsoever pertained to their social and political economy.

But to proceed to the Freedman's right to citizenship. In this asylum of the oppressed of all nations and tribes and kindreds and tongues under the whole heaven, can it longer be that man generically and universally, shall not be alike entitled to full freedom—to citizenship?

It is plain that the Constitution fell far short of the high mark made by them, for man in his relations to his fellow and his Creator. They forgot, it would seem, to extend to the slaves in the land, and to Indians not taxed, the enjoyment of the natural rights—those superior gifts—which they claimed may never be alienated by any man, and if so, may not be taken or withheld by any man—namely, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It is an unfortunate historical fact evinced by the Constitution itself, that the inhabitants of the land, at the time of its adoption, were (1) those denominated *free persons*, and (2) those termed *all other persons*, clearly meaning those *not free*. If some of the inhabitants were not free persons, then some disability must attach to them. It is well known that apprenticeship was a temporary and slavery a perpetual disability. The citizenship contemplated by the Constitution, therefore, is limited to the class called free persons, and extends to all such, except Indians not taxed. Citizen and inhabitant are not synonymous terms: nor are they convertible—all inhabitants are not citizens, but all citizens are inhabitants.

The Proclamation of the President of the United States of January, 1863, liberating the slaves of those in rebellion, and the amendments since made to the Constitution, have introduced into the popular elements new conditions and relations which must substantially affect the affairs of the nation. The pen and sword of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States were potent instruments in his hands to the downfall of a system of wrong and oppression, for the allowance and practice of which this people have suffered the high penalties which offended Deity has connected with his violated laws. Its crumbling edifices, whose foundations rested on so many States, is now a fragmentary heap of ruins, which Time is fast hastening to dust, and which the prosperous winds will soon scatter to the ends of the earth, no more to annoy forever. There was more than magic power in the pen and sword of the Chief Magistrate, else there would not have sprung forth, at his behest, from among its prostrate pillars and shattered towers, an ebony soldiery, strong and mighty in muscle, armed and ready to battle bravely with Slavery and Treason. The sword pierced the very vitals of Slavery, and it is perishing away—the pen proclaimed its subject population free, and bid the emancipated masses go forth to enjoy the blessings of manhood—already is begun the grand exodus in the highways of Freedom. Throngs from the servile millions emerge from the fallen House of Bondage and go abroad to join the ranks of Freedom. Henceforth the Freedman must have position in the land. His political status must be settled. Shall it be citizen as well as soldier?

All free born inhabitants in this nation are citizens thereof, except as above stated. So are all aliens naturalized under the acts of Congress, passed in pursuance of the constitutional grant to that body, of power to establish a uniform rule of naturalization. Any difference adopted by a State, will not confer on the alien Federal or national citizenship—State naturalization is worthless in every respect—it confers no privileges which may not be abrogated. The Constitution and the laws of Congress in that behalf are controlling, anything in the Constitution or laws of a State to the contrary notwithstanding. Birth in this country, and naturalization according to the laws of Congress, give to free persons the rights of national citizenship. Much confusion has arisen in not regarding this rule. Collision of claims and conflict of alleged rights are common in these days, for lack of understanding how to exercise the limitations of Federal citizenship.

If I have not erred in these views, it follows that the rights of Federal citizenship must prevail in all the States, notwithstanding local laws and the decrees of local judicial tribunals—that the rights of State citizenship can prevail only in the State—that some of these rights are concurrent and coordinate and prevail alike, as the right of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—that upon the inauguration of this government under the Constitution, none but persons free at the time, by birth or manumission, became citizens of the United States; all others became subjects—that all persons held to service or labor under mastership during life, remained as aforetime, slaves of the parties to whom such service or labor was due; slaves, in fact, to their masters, but subjects of the Commonwealth; amenable to the master as property—amenable to the government politically, as persons and its subjects.

It is safe to say that when the Constitution went into operation, whatever rights and privileges belonged to a free inhabitant of the land, at Common Law, continued to exist and remain for his enjoyment ever afterward, unless in some way abridged by the language of the Constitution, in the allowance to the States of certain reservations. But whatever things National citizenship vested in an inhabitant, might never be taken away by State laws or constitutions, whether such citizenship be derived from birth, naturalization, or proclamation.

State laws and constitutions as municipal regulations may limit and prescribe the duties and privileges of the dwellers in a State, and the people therein may for the purposes of its corporate regulations and internal police, do many things independently of the General government, but all their doings, however, must harmonize with its movements. If the citizenship of the United States give to a person a right irrespective of property or color, that person in the exercise of such right, cannot be restrained by the law or Constitution of a State. If a citizen of the United States of proper age, according to the Constitution, may cast his vote in an election for President of the United States, may a State by its laws and Constitution, limit the right because of color or lack of property? May a State, on account of color, refuse domicile to a citizen of the United States? I answer no, and appeal to the Constitution: "The citizens [of the United States] of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens [of the United States] in the several States." The interpolations which I use in the passage will be conveyed to the reader. Without such interpolation, I venture to affirm, the section has no sense—is only nonsense!

Who shall hinder me from holding land in any State I may choose to dwell in, if I am able to purchase it? Citizenship of the United States being without respect to color, and the right to have and to hold land anywhere in the national domain, being one of the rights of citizenship of the United States, how is it that because a man is black, or colored more or less, being a citizen of the United States, he may not have domiciled in any State of the Union? Were I a black man and wanted a home in any particular State, I would in the matter of ownership of land, exercise my right, or I would demonstrate to the world that,

"There is no force in the decrees of Venice."

I have said that State naturalization is in conflict with that provided by Congress under the Constitution, and was worthless. A State cannot make a citizen by statute or constitution. A person born free in a State, becomes citizen by birth, not of the State alone, but of the United States. Born elsewhere, abroad, the uniform rule of naturalization throughout the United States, demanded by the Constitution, bars the State of any action in that behalf, and a person must become citizen by law of Congress—and hence there can be no citizenship but United States' citizenship.

The proclamation of President Lincoln became a law of the land, constitutional and obligatory quite as fully as any rescript of Congress. Military necessity was its proper warrant. The peril of the national life, and the preservation of the Constitution, by which alone that life was sustained, called for its commandments. The President was sworn to "preserve, protect and defend the Constitution,"—to do this, it was necessary, as a war measure, to strike the real foe which was at war with its declared principles as seen in its comprehensive preamble. It is true Slavery found lodgment in its sanctuary—its reptile breath had for eighty years poisoned the atmosphere, and the nation was suffering from the foul effluence—its serpent coil had well nigh strangled Liberty in her Temple. The President, in fulfillment of his oath, and in accordance with divine injunction, Hercules-like, smote the monster with irredeemable wounds. His partisan enemies say he violated rather than protected the Constitution. But "if they right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee—for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell." There was no other alternative: death to the body politic, or amputation.

The offensive thing—Slavery, "its rank, and smells to heaven," but the patient is not quite "past all surgery," and the President, skilful operator, severs the "right hand" whose "little finger had become thicker than the fathers' loins," and it falls to the ground, and none but blood-hounds and vultures visit the placeless member. The Freedman has been in the field—he fought fearfully the battles which his old enemy and foe to liberty instigated his quondam master to wage against the freedom of the land. He became soldier, and shrank not to meet death if need be. By operation of law, he has become citizen, if native born; and shall the rights and privileges of citizenship be denied him? So long as the Constitution for which, in the very infancy of his freedom, he periled his life, shall, in *time*, declare its object to be to "establish justice," he will have just claim to enjoy whatever it bestows upon the free. Shall pagan Rome be more magnanimous to her slaves, giving them the freedom of the Eternal City—another name for citizenship—than Christian America with the added centuries of civilization and teaching of the Nazarene?

The indications of those in the exercise of power are favorable in this behalf. The practice obtains in the Department of State, to give to all free native born and naturalized persons, irrespective of color or complexion, when about to depart on their travels in Great Britain and Continental Europe, letters patent of their American citizenship, in form of passports, for their national protection while abroad.

This government has only to establish justice in all its various relations, domestic and foreign, to secure for itself stability, prosperity and perpetuity. To every citizen of the United States, let me commend the advice of Cardinal Wolsey to Cromwell: "Be just and fear not; Let all the ends thou aimest at, be thy country's, Thy God's, and Truth's."

TOKENS OF LOYALTY.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLER.

THE journals which are most eager for the immediate readmission of the Rebel States, are remiss in publishing some of the evidence of that regenerated condition which is the pretext of the Rebel claim to break into Congress. In any week's desultory reading of Southern papers, one may find plenty of items which deserve to be taken into account in making up an estimate of the genuineness of this claim. It is easy to see, for instance, that the South cherishes a patriotic pride in the exploits of its Confederate army, and proves its desire to re-enter the Union by a general apotheosis of the heroes who unavailingly sought to shatter it. Before the war, art could hardly be said to flourish in the Gulf States, but the din of arms seems to have created a taste for pictures. The taste is a fastidious one. The shop-windows of a dealer who exhibits portraits of Grant or Sherman are scarcely safe against stones, but likenesses of the Rebel chiefs are a sure means of popularity and profit. Jefferson Davis, who superintended the murder of 64,000 Union prisoners; Robert E. Lee, who approved that policy; Beauregard, who lied his way through the war with "Beauty and Booty" proclamations; Forrest, who butchered his negro prisoners at Fort Pillow—these are the heroes of the Southern Vallhalla, and the bookshop which vends their pictures is sure of a first rate notice in the Mobile papers, which "do not know where a cheaper or handsomer ornament can be obtained for the parlor, the library, or the boudoir." As for Lee, the Memphis *Argus* only forbears to nominate him for next President because the era is not come in which that "great and good man's name" ought to be dragged into politics.

In most of the Southern theatres, says a New Orleans paper, the wives and daughters of Union men are exposed to insult, and lately an attempt has been made to exclude them from all places of public resort. Hail Columbia is hissed, and Yankee Doodle is the signal for an uproar. The presence of troops seems to make little difference; it is still safe to insult the flag. A circus company finds its best recommendation in an advertisement that secessionists only will be admitted to its chaste and classic performances, and employs detectives to forest out Unionists who may venture under its spotless canopies, and to "prevent their intrusion upon respectable people." Nobody is respectable who is not a Rebel, and the blue blood of the reconstructed South, flows wholly in the veins of those who served in the Confederate army. With a fine burst of feeling, the circus management announces that—

"Capt. Tidmarsh, our director, having been identified with hundreds of the officers of the Confederate army during more than four years of the war, feels peculiarly sensitive upon this point, and is not being justified in inviting the families of his old companions in arms or other ladies, by public place, to the amusements, of which he is the director, to sit side by side with those who have placed themselves without the pale of society."

The Legislatures are not behind the circles. A Mississippi assembly passed an act to revive an act of 1864, for the perfecting and preservation of the records of Mississippi troops. The original act was adopted by a Legislature which swore allegiance to the Confederacy. The act of revival was passed by a body which swore—with a bad grace, to be sure, but still swore—allegiance to the United States. This legal connection between the two, which could make it possible for any act of the latter to relate to the former, must be left to Southern jurists to expound. The spirit which unites the two bodies it is not difficult to recognize as the same. Rebel Governor Clark who signed the first act, and "loyal" Governor Sharkey who signed the second, join hands in an act of respect to the Confederate troops.

The popular color at the South is the gray of the Rebel uniform. Police and provost regulations forbid it in the street of certain cities under military rule, but in towns which are free from the despotic rule of the Union, it is your only wear. The Houston *Telegraph* announces with satisfaction that Lieut. Gladwin will have his "merchant police" on duty in a day or two, "made up of our own citizens and dressed in gray." Fashion robes herself in the same tint, and prudence prescribes it to every man unhappy enough to be suspected of loyalty. A blue uniform to a Rebel is like scarlet to a mad bull, and if it should cover a black skin the offender is likely enough to find a bullet-hole through both. When the Mississippi State Militia was organizing, Gen. Slocum, who had not then betrayed his party, forbade it as being in fact a reorganization of the just disbanded Rebel armies. There were the same rank and file, the same officers, and almost the same uniform. The regulations of a company at Jackson, the State capital, prescribed expressly:

"The company votes to adopt the regulations and tactics of the Confederate army. 2. No one admitted as a member of the company who was not in the Confederate army, or who was not friendly to the Confederate cause. Motto—'Try us.' 3. The uniform to be gray, but the buttons and insignia of rank to be the same as in the United States army."

And that is the sort of force which was sanctioned by President Johnson, to which the control of the State was handed over, and by which the spirit of loyalty has continued to be cherished. Is it any cause for wonder that loyalists who during the war had dared to stay at home and to keep their faith publicly, have since been driven out? That has happened as commonly in other States as in Mississippi. I saw a few days since a refugee from New Orleans who had been for twenty years a teacher in that city, of high reputation for ability, unstained character, and wide connections among its wealthy and cultivated citizens. During the war, he was loyal. Since the war ended, he cannot live in the city. Against him and all such as he, fashion and wealth and scholarship have pronounced a decree of banishment, and enforce it by withdrawing every means of livelihood, and closing every avenue to employment. All other offenses may be pardoned; but the offense of loyalty is inexpiable, and neither old friendship nor lifelong confidence, nor such entreaties as an honorable man might make for a family destitute in his old age, weighed a feather in this balance. At sixty years old, he is an exile for his loyalty, and walks the streets of New York asking for something to do. A case, even stronger in some respects, might be mentioned—that of Roger A. Pryor who is an exile from Virginia, not because he ever was loyal, but because he committed the unpardonable crime of seeing in the Winter of 1864-5, that the Rebel cause was lost, and publicly advised a negotiation with a view to making the best terms for a return into the Union. Pryor traces his ancestry back to Pocahontas, had been a secessionist from the start, a soldier and a General in the Rebel army; but he practices law in New York to-day to get bread for a wife and seven children, which he would not be permitted to get in Richmond. Whoever would thrive in that city must be a consistent traitor on the record, and a traitor in heart still.

THE LETTER D.

BY MRS. HELEN E. BROWN.

When the fugitive slaves, in 1860, were received by the Federal army at Fortress Monroe, and there surrounded by the friends of humanity, they smiled among themselves; for it was the first touch laid with ungloved hands upon the unsavory bone of contention in our cleaving republic. But the fugitives themselves were not well pleased with the appellation. It was too reminding of the condition from which they had come, and to which, at any moment, the fate of war, or the tyranny of law might return them.

Then followed the immortal Proclamation of Emancipation, with the Constitutional Amendment and its triumphant ratification, and the slaves were no longer bondmen, fugitives or contrabands, but freedmen. This was a long step gained above fear and towards right, and the victims of oppression were jubilant, and for a time at least their new title sounded well. Still their propension was forward, as though in the distance they could hear some thing pleasanter and higher yet. They were freedmen—were they not to become freemen? Individuals of their own kin, delivered from servitude by purchase or will, had become freemen. They wrought and traded, studied and accumulated wealth, and, rising to positions of usefulness in the land, had outlived the stigma of slavery. Their name was written without the *d*—that spiteful, malicious little letter that would disclose, whether its possessor was willing or no, the tale of antecedent fetters and degradation. Might not this same privilege in time be theirs?

To be sure they were not, as a class, without consideration. Every scheme which beneficence could devise was set on foot for their benefit. A Freedman's Bureau was instituted. Freedmen's Aid Societies formed, schools for freedmen established, books for freedmen written, and missionaries and teachers for freedmen distributed by scores among them. Money was raised, food provided, Orphan Homes furnished, and garments supplied, until the whole paraphernalia of open-handed benevolence seemed concentrated and employed in the interest of the race, which, travel-worn and famished, was so suddenly thrust across the boundary line from slavery into freedom. It is always well to help our suffering fellow-creatures; but are the freedmen beggars?

Claimants for justice rather than charity, they demand the opportunity to advance one step higher than their present stand-point, and every true friend of humanity demands it for them. We ask

that they shall be designated by no distinctive title—that the freedmen shall write their name without a *d*. We demand that every pointer to their former inbredness shall be levelled; that there shall not be left the trace or smell of the furnace fire about them. We claim that they should be simply, purely, freemen. As the sons of New England are freemen; as every foreigner who steps upon our shores (with unshod foot and untainted tongue), is a freeman; as every man born with a white skin beneath our stars and stripes is a freeman, so we ask for our emancipated brother that now they be freemen.

Why? what is the difference? ask some. And do you not see? The freedman goes and comes as he will, and calls the whole broad land his home. He asks no permits or favors, but chooses his course and his conveyance, pays his fare, and goes whithersoever he desires. The freedman's locomotion is limited, and his method of travel prescribed. The freedman chooses the academy where he may educate his child, and, with the means to pay, asks consent of none, but sends the boy here or there as he pleases. The freedman must employ schools established specially for his class—colored schools (can schools change color as the building may which accommodates them?), where white children may be received by favor, not to be reciprocated. The freedman may solemnize the marriage of a son or daughter with becoming rites and festivities in the church of God. The freedman, though a member of the same communion, must call the trustees together, and, with great ado, beg the privilege. The freedman may with great parade show honor to his dead. The freedman is held back by the bayonet from laying his simple gift of flowers on the graves of the nation's heroes. The freedman may labor for whom he pleases, and set his own price upon the work of his hands. The freedman must take what his employer chooses, and get it if he can. The freedman is wronged, or thinks he is, and instantly law and justice rise to plead his cause, and award according to its merits. Is there court and bench for the freedman? The freedman may choose his own rulers, and make his own laws. The freedman must be satisfied with the choice and judgment of others.

Does not the letter *d* make a difference? Does it not materially alter a man's condition, abridge his privileges, block up his path, rob him of his inalienable rights?

When shall our freedmen emerge into a true liberty? When shall the last letter be stricken from a long abused people? When free labor and free schools, free honors and free pleasures, pure justice and universal suffrage are accorded them. When complexion is no longer regarded, and prejudice against race has melted away, and every memento and symbol of slavery has been obliterated from our national vocabulary. When individuals, irrespective of race, color or sex take position in society according to talents, attainments and virtue—then, and not till then, will humanity be satisfied and philanthropy clap her hands for joy. Then shall there be shouts of gladness among angel hosts, and God, even our God, shall bless us.

THE PRESENT DANGER.

BY CHARLES D. B. MILLIS.

THE attitude and condition of our country at the present time are such as to awaken in every thoughtful, candid observer, surprise, deep apprehension and alarm. We have lately emerged from a terrible intestine war, desolating and scourging to the whole land, and retributive throughout—the rebuke and indignation of Heaven upon us for our sins, our indifference and inhumanity to our colored brother.

The lesson was so patent all must needs read; it was written in fire on the sky, uttered with the emphasis of the earthquake. It was the stern protest, the irrevocable word of God upon the American Union, the covenant with iniquity, upon the national life and prosperity that sought to build and fatten itself upon compromise of the rights of the slave. The Most High arose in his might and declared from the heavens, It shall not be. He sent the bolt of his judgments upon us; the nation was smitten, our pride and boasted strength

"Melted like snow in the glance of the Lord." The vital truth has been sent home so clearly and pungently as to reach, will he or nill he not, the consciousness of the most stolid and perverse.

Fresh from our calamities and sorrows we come together to reconstruct our broken fortunes, to rebuild our national existence, and go on deliberately to repeat the same sin which has just proved to us well nigh our ruin. The name, now the executive head of the nation, raised to his place by the Republican party to represent some measure of opposition to the demands of slavery, goes over visibly and without shame to the enemy, returns, as the saw that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire, and with desperate determination busies himself plotting to destroy both the party that lifted him to power, and much worse, his country also. He outruns all his predecessors in the eager service of injustice, and without their respectability of position, vies with Davis and Lee in pursuit of supreme wickedness and infamy.

The Republican Congress from whom many hoped much, hoped all, can finally get no farther than to propose to readmit the revolted States on a basis licensing them to disfranchise their entire colored population, and in effect inflict upon them whatever oppression,—for no one will suppose for a moment that any enactment of civil rights for this disfranchised class will avail for their protection in the midst of a population overwhelmingly unfriendly, and now thrice embittered against them. And this proposal goes into the solemn form of organic law, adopted by Congress as an amendment to the Constitution, and commended to the several Legislatures of the States for ratification.

All this in face of the fact known of all, that the class thus offered up in sacrifice to the slaveholding spirit, are our benefactors, our royal deliverers, our fast friends, and bound to us now most sacredly for protection, aid, and vindication to them against the world, of the same rights, privileges and enjoyments with ourselves. In face of the fact that we are dealing with an unrepentant and unchanged South—a population full of hate and rancor as ever, chafing under defeat and thirsting for revenge, insolent, threatening; defiant still, breaking out into violence, making the land too hot for Union-adoring whites to live therein—such men as Gov. Worth of North Carolina, and Gov. Hamilton of Texas, assuring us that they even must soon flee for their lives—wreaking their rage, unchecked, upon the exposed black men, banding in mobs to burn and hunt and slaughter them for fiendish amusement, as in case of the recent atrocities of Memphis. Upon all this the nation looks, Congress looks, and the utmost final answer is—Restoration and power to the oppressor—surrounding, subjugation and the tender mercies of the relentlessly wicked for his victim. Was there ever

such thoughtlessness, profligacy, sheer madness before?

To attempt to reconstruct so, turning our back upon all the bitter experiences and discipline of our past, is emphatically to flout Heaven—to show defiance unto the very face of God. It is to build the golden calf again under the thunder of Sinai. Never did the record of our past unfaithfulness approach at all in guilt the wickedness of this deed. We can take no safer way to pave the road to our utter abandonment and destruction. For with what measure we mete, it shall be measured to you again. Our injustice shall be returned to us in our own unsafety, in scenes of disorder, violence and blood, more dreadful, more universal than aught known before.

The Republican party seems smitten with judicial blindness and fatuity. It could take no method more direct and sure to deliver over itself as well as the country, bound hand and foot, into the power of its deadliest enemies, than it is now doing. It seems intent upon yielding them every occasion and facility to regain the ascendant, and crush their rivals to powder. Indeed here has been its great infirmity throughout. It has had royal opportunities, but has lacked the presence or manhood to go forward and possess the land—has been flagrantly unequal to its occasion. At least from the moment of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, all things were in its hand; it might have imposed upon the reduced South what terms it would, and have laid unquestioned broad and deep the foundations of the nation's life and prosperity in impartial justice. But it did not dare; it procrastinated, vacillated, temporized, until—every hour since the difficulties and embarrassments growing deeper—it has come now to a point, where to advance requires a manhood and courage greatly beyond its possession, and to stand still or retreat is death. *Mene tekel, upharsin* is written upon it. It must away—the sceptre is passing from its hand, and its power will be given to another.

To the Abolitionists it belongs to be the sentinels of humanity; to read the danger, sound the alarm, and rouse the city. Enough and all too much have they, many of them, relaxed their vigilance and fallen in with the noisy current, singing psalms to the Union, and expending their obligations upon the rebellious South alone. Let them awake. The Greeks are at our doors; the rebellion is at home; the danger is here—at Washington, New York, in every Northern State. This has been our trouble in fact from the beginning. We have been straitened in ourselves. We have lacked the moral attitude to enable us to deal effectively with the South, to rescue either it or ourselves from perdition. If we perish, we shall perish by our own faithlessness and inhumanity. A loyalty that permits this cannot save us; treason that confronts us finding this renounced—our cause and simple trust in Truth and Heaven—cannot destroy us.

We need the standard of the true loyalty set up, the fact buried into the consciousness of our countrymen that *unfaithfulness to humanity is disloyalty*; postponing right, justice to any exigency or advantage, is treason against Heaven, and stamps whatever organization or government may be guilty of it as itself a rebellion. The deep, vital question at issue, going down and underlying all others, has hardly yet been stated. The work for the most part remains yet undone. The exigencies of our present condition admonish us that we should lose no time to begin in this fundamental way, now and here. And so become effective, then may we not hope to recall our afflicted and sin-blinded country to some measure of sobriety and a true repentance ere it be irrevocably too late.

Selections.

GENERAL GRANT ON THE SITUATION.

THE editor of the *Levinston Falls Journal*, now at Washington, recently spent an hour in the studio of the Maine artist, Simmons, in conversation with Gen. Grant, and gives an interesting statement of the opinions expressed by the leading men of the country upon "men and measures." We make a few extracts:

The General, who was dressed in a plain, black, civilian suit, had hardly removed his hat from his head before he took a cigar from his pocket, lighted it and began to puff out wreaths of smoke. "I am breaking off from smoking," remarked Grant. "When I was in the field I smoked 18 or 20 cigars a day, but now I smoke only nine or ten."

The conversation turned to the Virginia campaign of 1864 and 1865. "I notice," remarked Gen. Grant, "that Mr. Swinton has published a history of the campaigns in the Old Dominion, in which he takes the ground that I gained nothing, but, on the contrary, lost many valuable lives uselessly by moving my army from the Rapidan direct toward Richmond, rather than by taking it around by water to the Peninsula." Mr. McClellan said, "This," observed the General, "is a revival of the exploded theory (referring to the McClellan policy) of subduing the Rebellion by peace measures. A half a million troops might be kept within sight of Washington till doomsday, and the Rebellion would have flourished more and more vigorously day by day. Fighting, hard knocks only, could have accomplished the work. The Rebellion must be overcome, if overcome at all, by force; its resources destroyed; its fighting material obliterated before peace could be obtained."

"There were but two failures in the Virginia campaign of '64 which ought to have been successes," said Grant, "and those were failures to capture Petersburg when we crossed the James, and afterward at the mine explosion." "But," added Grant, "it was all for the best that we failed in those two instances, for, had we succeeded at either time Lee would have at once been obliged to abandon Richmond, and would have been able to have secured a safe retreat into the interior of the South, where he would have prolonged the contest for years. Our failures then, and the determination of the Rebels to hold on to their capital gave us time to extend our left Southwestward, to bring up Sherman from Georgia, and thereby made it impossible for Lee to escape."

In reply to a question as to whether he was not surprised at the suddenness of the collapse of the Rebellion, Grant said that he was, although he had always supposed that when it did break down it would go all at once. "I thought, however," he remarked, "that it would hold out another season, and I am not sure," he added, "but that it would have been better for the country if it had. There were some parts of the country where our armies never trod, particularly Texas, which needed to be brought into the light of war to bring their people to a realizing sense of the enormity of their crime and the necessity of a thorough repentance. I find," said he, "that those parts of the South which have not felt the war, and particularly those which have been within our lines and have therefore escaped the rebel conscription and taxes, are much less disposed to accept the situation in good faith than those portions which have been literally overrun with fire and sword."

Referring to the temper of the Southern people, he remarked that they are much less disposed now to bring themselves to the proper frame of mind than they were one year since. "A year ago," said he, "they were willing to do anything; now they regard themselves as masters of the situation. Some of the Rebel Generals," he added, "are behaving nobly, and doing all they can to induce the people to throw aside their old prejudices and to conform their course to the changed condition of things. Johnson and Dick Taylor particularly are exercising a good influence, but," he added, "Lee is behaving badly. He is conducting himself very

differently from what I had reason, from what he said at the time of the surrender, to suppose he would. No man at the South is capable of exercising a tenth part of the influence for good that he is, but instead of using it, he is setting a fearful example of acquiescence so grudging and pernicious in its effects as to be hardly realized.

"The men who were in the Rebel armies," said Grant, "acquiesce in the result much better than those who stand at home. The war was a great, grand, bitter against the Union and Union men. Of course," he added, "there is some bitterness of feeling among all classes, but I am satisfied it would soon die out if their leading men had not somehow got the idea that treason after all was not very bad, and that the 'Southern cause,' as they phrase it, will yet triumph, not in war, but in politics. In my judgment," said Grant, "the tone of certain men and certain papers at the North is such as to do incalculable mischief in making the Rebels believe that they are just as much entitled to rule as ever, and that if they will only stand by what they are pleased to call their 'rights,' they will have help from the North. This," significantly added Grant, "is only playing over again the incipient stages of the Rebellion. He was confident that the large majority of the Southern people would smother their resentments and become good citizens, if these mischief-makers at the North (the Copperheads) would only let them alone. For himself, if he had the power, the first thing he would do would be to seize the New York *Times* and kindred sheets, which are giving the South so dangerous an idea of their position and rights."

"Troops," said Gen. Grant, "must be kept in all the principal points of the South for some time to come. This will be necessary to repress the turbulence of a class of the South, very dangerous to all well-disposed persons, and to protect the rights of the freedmen, who are looked upon with deep hatred by a very large proportion of the people. I am in favor, however," he added, "of not retaining our volunteers for this duty, because they very naturally think they fulfilled their engagement one year since."

Grant spoke in high terms of Sherman, Sheridan, Howard, and other Generals, and referred to our Mexican difficulties, forcibly adding that he believed the French invasion of Mexico a part of the Rebellion, and he should have been glad to have seen a detachment of our army sent there one year since. He would encourage Sherman, with plenty of arms and 2,000 American troops, and a good number of American officers, would, with the aid of the Mexicans clean Maximilian out of Mexico in six months.

"ILIAS IN NUCE."

From the N. Y. Tribune.

The telegraph sent us the Cabinet speeches so late on Wednesday evening that we could not comment upon them. Perhaps our readers would like to know just what the Cabinet did say, therefore we reproduce each speech in a nutshell:

I. *The President*.—No speech. Much obliged. Support "particularly gratifying under existing circumstances." Go to the Secretaries.

II. *The Secretary of State*.—The old man not at home. Off to Auburn. You had seen his three cousins, perhaps. If he were here—

III. *The Secretary of the Navy*.—Thanks. Midnight talk should be discouraged in decent families. Will stand by the Administration and policy, and "rights of the Union." No home, and don't keep people out of their beds!

IV. *The Secretary of War*.—Speech written. Didn't speak before because Lincoln had been killed. Public duties executive. Has "avoided tramping"—the available man! When Johnson became President, the Rebellion was considerably smashed. I first thought that there should be Negro Suffrage. After "calm and full discussion," my mind yielded to "adverse arguments" and "practical difficulties." The President has recognized the right of Congress to admit its members! I advised approval of Freedmen's Bureau bill or not. Don't like Reconstruction plan—third session especially. Neither "wisdom, necessity, nor justice" in disfranchising Rebels—mark that. "Practical difficulties" against enfranchising loyalists! Oh, Mr. Stanton! Is this your devotion to principle? Recognize "constitutional rights of legislative, judicial, executive" departments, entertaining "respect"—and much other euphuistic talk! Oh, Mr. Stanton!

V. *The Secretary of the Treasury*.—I go the whole figure, and "my deliberate judgment sustains the President. Baili-off will sustain him also. I believe in the policy of the United States. The President holds no doubtful attitude! His policy is a good policy; where is there a better policy? Give us better policy, and we go for it, but if we don't, we will sink or swim with this. (Hearty cheers.) Congress has been six months tinkering and cannot make a policy, so it can't. Not wise enough to amend a Constitution, for every third Congressman is a Constitutional tinker. (Tut! Tut! Good words, good words! Mr. Secretary.) Why don't the Congressional Jupiter Tomans so amend the Constitution as to change representation? Yes; why? If Johnson don't do it, he is ought to do, why was he not taken to task during the recess, and if the Union party does not do something better, its days are numbered. (Oh! oh!) Why not have spoken about finances, Mr. Secretary? *Adversus adversum* cry. Mr. Secretary, for you made a very unwise speech.

VI. *The Postmaster-General*.—Everything is lovely. The President is all right, Congress is all right, the country is all right, the Rebels are coming all right. Sorry that Congress and President cannot agree, for I need not tell you that the Union party saved the nation from armed rebellion. President Congress and are coming all right—not so far apart now as when Congress met. We will all be lovely once more—but it is very late and more speech has been made than was intended, so good night, and come again!

VII. *The Attorney-General*.—Very sorry, couldn't speak, excuse me.

VIII. *The Secretary of the Interior*.—As to the President's policy, the least said is the best. But I won't distrust the Union party, nor betray it, nor make speeches to Copperheads; so stay away with your fiddles, for I'll not talk to you to-night.

Gen. O. S. Ferry, the recently elected U. S. Senator from Connecticut, a resident of Norwalk, was tendered the compliment of a serenade, at his own door on the evening of the 23d ult. He responded in an eloquent speech, in the course of which he said:

"The Union Republican party aims to solve the grave questions which have arisen since the overthrow of the rebellion, in accordance with the political axioms of the Declaration of Independence. We find the source of these in the blessed gospel of the Son of God, and we therefore affirm that they are the everlasting truth; that upon the whole structure of our American system rests, and that without that foundation the fabric itself must crumble to ruin. It was the steady underpinning of that foundation which exposed the Republic to the dangers which have lately shaken all the pillars of the State; it was the Constitutional Amendment giving freedom and citizenship to every American which began the work of restored stability. That work will be complete when the Declaration shall have become a practical fact throughout the entire country. 'To establish justice' was the avowed object of the formation of the Union. Three-quarters of a century were spent in endeavoring to do this, by conquering and establishing justice. The failure was ignominious and well nigh fatal. Purified by the awful sacrifices of civil war, the nation emerges from the smoke and roar of battle, and begins anew the task which it set itself in the beginning—to 'establish justice.' It will have no more legalized iniquity; no more civil wars, as the result thereof. It will secure this by again recognizing, and for the first time enforcing, the principles on which it was founded, and the clouds and thick darkness of revolution will do its either with the cheerful acquiescence of those who, in the interest of justice, have rebelled against national authority, or over all resistance which, in their madness, they may choose to make. The nation never was so in earnest as now, and its earnestness is on the side of right. Its reunion shall be in equality, and shall therefore endure."

THE JAMAICA OUTRAGES.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* comments thus upon the horrible outrages which occurred in Jamaica a few months since, and says very truly: "The Jamaica butcheries will be a standing reproach to British colonial policy. At first, the cruelties were defended as necessary to the suppression of a brutal negro outbreak. The evidence, however, showed that the blacks did less damage than many a white mob, and no one pretends to massacre rioters after they have been dispersed. Yet in Jamaica four hundred and thirty-eight colored persons were shot or hanged in cold blood; six hundred men and women were flogged, and one thousand houses burned. This was the work not of semi-civilized Hindoo or American savages, but of Englishmen, and the facts stated are the results of an official investigation."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1866.

CABINET TALK.

THE Cabinet serenade-speeches at Washington and at Auburn have been, or at any rate, were meant to be, the political event of the week. Yet, with one or two exceptions, these addresses have little importance. Mr. Welles and Mr. Dennison may be very estimable gentlemen in private, but their influence on public affairs is too small to be weighed. They are Mr. Johnson's clerks, and as a respectable banker from somewhere out West, who knows a good deal about finances and nothing at all about politics. He merely says ditto to Mr. Burke. Mr. Speed declined to be serenaded at all, and Mr. Harlan wrote a brave letter of refusal, every word of which rings in the ear as a denunciation of the treachery of the President to his party and his country—yet so veiled in official decorum that Andrew Johnson can only accuse the writer of disrespect by accusing himself of treason.

The painful event of the occasion was the speech of Edwin M. Stanton. It is a new spectacle to the public to see the proud war minister of the last five years timidly abasing himself at the feet of his Presidential superior. To say nothing of a reputation for radicalism which Mr. Stanton preserved among many radical men, he preserved among all men a reputation for an independence that yielded to no pressure, and a courage that often became audacity. He was sometimes called the American Danton, and seemed to like the name, and would have rivalled, if he could, the *toujours vaillant* of the great Frenchman. But alas, must we recall the words of the satirist, and say of him that his reputation for courage would have been splendid had it never been put to proof? Now, under an influence inexplicable to his friends, to preserve an office which he has repeatedly declared himself anxious to resign, he abandons the party which held up his hands loyally in his hard struggle through the war, and at a time when that party is threatened with betrayal and disruption, lends his influence on the side of the chief conspirator for its dissolution. This is what his party is entitled to say of him. We bring against him the far more damaging accusation that he has committed treason to justice.

Mr. Stanton admits that he once thought it "just and expedient that the right of suffrage in the Rebel States should be secured in some form to the colored inhabitants of those States," but explains that he "yielded to the adverse arguments resting upon the practical difficulties to be encountered in such a measure." Mr. Stanton! It is a dishonest statement. To prove it such, we need only quote the next lines of the same sentence. We can understand that a man's judgment may be overcome by plausible arguments against equal rights, but Mr. Stanton adds that he also yielded to "the President's conviction that to prescribe the rule of suffrage was not within the legitimate scope of his power." This is not the momentary confusion of idea or statement which might be attributed to the haste of an extempore speech. Mr. Stanton takes pains to tell the country he wrote it all out, and it smells unmistakably of the lamp. He must be judged therefore by his words, and his words are evidence that he surrendered his own convictions to those of the President. If his judgment was convinced, it was only partially convinced. It required the Presidential influence to complete the conviction, and the boldest radical in the Cabinet proves not bold enough to maintain his faith against a pressure from his chief. It is the bad, corrupt days of Buchanan and Pierce that we are upon for our sin, when with patronage in one hand and intimidation in the other, the President wielded the power of his office to debauch his own party and conciliate the enemies of the nation. We can fancy our American Danton borrowing another sentence from his prototype, and exhorting his executioner to show his head to the people as one well worth looking at. At least, the President has contrived that no circumstance of publicity shall be wanting to this mockery of a sacrifice.

The timidity of the speech is remarkable. When he recounts the progress of the reconstruction policy of Mr. Johnson, Mr. Stanton dares not state what he knows of the failure of that policy. "Constitutional guarantees were required in respect to the Emancipation of slaves and the repudiation of the rebel debt." Yes, Mr. Stanton, but why not add that the States were also required to annul their ordinances of secession? Is it because you remembered the contemptuous defiance with which South Carolina and Georgia and Texas rejected that Presidential demand? And when you spoke of repudiating the rebel debt, did you forget that the Carolina convention adjourned without allowing the question of repudiation to be raised, and that Georgia met it by passing one ordinance of repudiation and another ordinance of recognition? Obviously, it would not do to interject these facts into a speech of acquiescence in a policy which they prove to have failed ignominiously. But we think they might have suggested to Mr. Stanton that a President who, possessed of absolute power over a conquered territory, endured this repeated disregard of his authority, would not have proved a very dangerous antagonist, had a Cabinet minister, standing by his party and his country, dared to confront and defy him.

Among well informed politicians, the amazement at the report of Mr. Stanton's defection which preceded this speech, amounted to entire incredulity. The popular opinion that the Secretary of War has been on the side of Congress during its long contest with the President, was perfectly well founded. Mr. Stanton, though a politician, is not contented in speech, and public life in Washington brings many men in such contact with a Cabinet officer that the position and opinions of an outspoken man could not be a matter of doubt to his own party. We violate no confidence, we repeat no secret whispers, when we say that Edwin M. Stanton has been during the winter a zealous opponent of the President's policy. We are equally justified in stating that his opposition has been as much personal as political. He has denounced the treason of Andrew Johnson to his party as unparagonably as Thaddeus Stevens himself. Why does he now join hands with the traitor?—or rather, why does he make a speech so guarded that while the Copperheads exult over their victim, a Republican paper can still pretend, as the Washington *Chronicle* does, that he is paying only lip-service to the President, and means to be with his old friends after all? The effort to cover up Mr. Stanton's shame and the party's loss is a poor piece of political trickery, and deceives nobody. The fact that Mr. Stanton allows himself to be claimed, and to be used, by the President, cannot be concealed. We do not care to pry into his motives. If they were pure as light, norless they would not relieve the disgrace of his fall, nor lessen his injury to the cause he deserts. All that a man like Mr. Stanton could do to retard the progress of his party toward a policy of equal right and justice to the negro, he has done. It may be that he retains the War Bureau as the price of his forsworn faith, though we had understood he long since desired to resign his office. But if he is weak enough to think himself thus rewarded for the loss of the good opinion of the country, his new master will scarcely think him strong enough to be worth buying on another occasion.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S "POLICY."

We give below an extract from a private letter written by a gentleman formerly of this State, now a resident of Virginia, and well known to us. He emigrated to Virginia from one of the Hudson river counties a few years prior to the rebellion, and was doing a prosperous farming business at the outbreak of the war. By no means an Abolitionist, he could not, however, take sides in the conflict with his rebellious neighbors, and escaped death at their hands only by the timely warning and kindly assistance of negroes. "For a period of three years he was exiled from home," and meanwhile rendered valuable service to the Federal cause and was several times in conference with President Lincoln. The letter, which gives an account of the condition of things on his return, presents a sad picture of the desolation which follows in the wake of war. Of this chapter pertaining to his personal suffering, he says: "It will be remembered only as the result of the hellish institution of slavery in the hands of the most infernal set of blood-thirsty rebels the Lord ever suffered to live on the earth. But let the past go; the present and the future are what most interests seriously thinking men. I do still hope there is wisdom and integrity enough left in the people of the North to bring us out all right. I think if President Johnson's programme could be carried out fully, it would be a worse stroke to the country than the rebellion has been. His course, thus far, has been very disastrous. It has made the people of the South like children who have been whipped just enough to make them angry and sullen, and then fed on sugar-plums to stop their crying, thereby making them ten times more the children of the devil than before. I have mingled freely with all classes of Virginians since my return, and know what I say to be true. The efforts of the United States government to win the rebels back by kindness, amounts to just as much as my trying to win the affections of a rattlesnake, or to make the leopard change his spots or his nature. I told Mr. Lincoln his kindness to them was misplaced, and attributed to them to fear in him instead of kindness, and that the first opportunity they had, they would take his life without the least hesitation. I told him this in plain language as I was master of; but his unsuspecting nature and kindness of heart, brought about his own destruction. You of the North will ask how are the people of the South to be regenerated? I will tell you: The same way Kansas was saved—by Northern emigration and through the ballot-box."

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN.

We print on our fourth page this week, an address by Wendell Phillips, delivered in the recent National Woman's Rights Convention held in this city. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton gave the opening address, which we printed last week.

Mr. Phillips was preceded by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in an able and thoroughly exhaustive plea in favor of the ballot for women. We have not room for this address, but will refer those of our readers who may desire it to a pamphlet, soon to be issued by the Equal Rights Association, which will contain the proceedings in full. Theodore Tilton, Francis D. Gage, Mrs. F. E. W. Harper, and Lucretia Mott, also addressed the Convention. The Convention, at its close, resolved itself into the American Equal Rights Association, with the avowed purpose of securing equal rights, especially the right of suffrage, to all American citizens, irrespective of sex or race. The new Association is fully represented by Lucretia Mott, as its President.

The special mission of THE STANDARD as the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society is, and will for the present continue to be, to promote and secure the elevation and equal enfranchisement of its four millions of colored clients, now nominally free, but still, as no other, a suffering, oppressed, dependent, outraged and cruelly proscribed class. We recognize, however, in the Equal Rights movement a kindred purpose, and extend to it the right hand of fellowship, and hearty encouragement.

A TESTIMONIAL TO MR. GARRISON.

We are gratified to learn that a movement has been inaugurated, and is already well advanced, to present to William Lloyd Garrison the sum of fifty thousand dollars, as a national testimonial in consideration of his eminent services as a pioneer, in the struggle for the overthrow of slavery. The circular, which we have not yet seen, has the names of many distinguished persons, including some from the recent slaveholding States. We trust that the sum specified may be speedily realized. It is a tribute due alike to the proposed recipient, and from the people who will contribute to it. No American ever deserved more generous consideration, or rendered to the nation as heroic, unselfish, invaluable service.

We have not accepted his views as to the feasibility of his and our commingling harmoniously henceforth with the masses of the loyal North, in laboring for the elevation and impartial enfranchisement of the blacks. Late events, the treachery of the President, the yielding of such men as Secretary Stanton, the surrendering of the vital question by Congress, the comparative unconcern of the large religious bodies, and of the masses of the people, all indicate the continued necessity for that incisive, unpopular protest, criticism and warning which has characterized the anti-slavery movement hitherto, and rendered any general commingling with the people at large, and harmonious co-operation, practically impossible. We unite gratefully and heartily, as we wish the masses might, in Mr. Garrison's latest demand, in the name of righteousness and the safety of the nation, for the impeachment of the recent official head of the nation, and in his appeal to the people to bestir themselves in the interest of imperilled freedom.

A MASS MEETING of colored people was held in the Old African Church, Richmond, on the 23d ult. John Oliver, Esq., of the Freedmen's Agent, at Richmond, Va., reported resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, claiming for the colored people enfranchisement and protection, asking a continuance for the present, of the Freedmen's Bureau; calling for a change of the State laws of Virginia favorable to the interests of the colored people; proffering the grateful acknowledgments of the colored people of Richmond to Lieut. H. S. Merrill, about to be mustered out of service, for his kind, energetic, and impartial services in their behalf; and also extending their thanks to Wendell Phillips, and to the American Anti-Slavery Society for continued, faithful advocacy of their cause.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING AT SIERRA LEONE, AFRICA.—The London *Anti-Slavery Reporter* for May contains an account of a meeting of African gentlemen, held in Free Town, Sierra Leone, on the 10th of February, at which an Anti-Slavery Society was organized, and measures adopted for raising subscriptions, and other details. This newly-formed organization will co-operate with the *British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society* of London, in its efforts to protect the rights and to advance the interests of the colored race.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL Session of the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania, will open on Monday, the fifteenth day of October, 1866, and continue five months.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONVENTION.

A DISPATCH received as we go to press announces a large attendance at the Melodeon in Boston, and great interest in the meeting. The speakers on Wednesday morning were WENDELL PHILLIPS, Rev. D. A. WASSON, HENRY C. WRIGHT and Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT. The resolutions denounce the treachery of the President, oppose the Congressional plan of Reconstruction, demand negro suffrage, and applaud Mr. Sumner. We shall print a full report next week.

DR. CREEVER, in a private note, alluding to the imperilled rights of the robbed and down-trodden blacks, says: "They are robbed now, deliberately, by the legislation of the country; it is a conspiracy of Congress with the President and the Rebel States against the blacks. What your editorial says is true. This loudly-talking and applauded Congress are on their narrow-bones before President Johnson, and instead of impeaching him, are themselves preaching against the colored race for his favor—all, of course, pure patriotism for our Republican party, which must be saved though the heavens fall. But there is a higher power than they."

A PEACE CONVENTION.—A radical Peace Convention, adjourned from Boston, was held in Providence, R. I., on the 16th inst., upwards of 50 persons being present. E. H. Haywood of Worcester presided in the absence of Adin Ballou. Among those who took part in the discussion were H. C. Wright, Wm. Chace, B. J. Butts of Hopkdale, Mrs. Townsend and Mrs. Jewett, Wm. C. Wright, and Otis Everett. A constitution was adopted and a full board of officers chosen, the President being Alfred H. Love of Philadelphia. The Convention adjourned to meet in Philadelphia in October.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA.—It is stated, says the London *Anti-Slavery Reporter* for May, that the government has resolved to send out William Rawson Rawson, Esq., C. B., to take the place of Sir Henry Storks, as Governor of Jamaica; Mr. Eyre to be at once recalled.

PERSONAL.

Robert Toombs, once of Georgia, sailed from Havre for Europe on the 10th inst.

Mrs. Hannah Gulley, of Smithfield, R. I., died there on the 12th inst., at the advanced age of one hundred years, seven months, and twenty-two days.

Ex-rebel Gen. Pendleton is one of the ministers of the council of the Episcopal Church, now holding at Richmond, Va.

It is reported that Edward L. Youmans has accepted a Professorship of Chemistry in Antioch College.

Rev. Theo. Clapp, a native of Massachusetts, and for many years a Unitarian minister in New Orleans, died at Louisville, Ky., on the 17th inst.

President Johnson has pardoned three of the Alexandria rioters who kept last Christmas by killing negroes, and who but recently were sent to the Albany penitentiary.

Gen. Neal Dow sailed for Liverpool last Saturday, having been invited by the temperance reformers of Great Britain to aid them in their efforts to get a national prohibitory law.

The German foot traveller, Fr. Schaefer, who journeyed from Boston to Washington on foot, and from that city West, is now going from St. Louis across the country through Utah to California.

D. B. Floyd Jones, Horatio Seymour, John Ganson, and Henry C. Murphy are most prominently mentioned in connection with the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York.

Gen. John A. Logan declines to be a candidate for the next Congress in "Egypt," but proclaims his unwavering devotion to the principles of the Union party.

Gen. Fremont has bought the railroad running from St. Louis to Springfield, for \$1,300,000. When it is completed, it will probably be worth \$12,000,000.

J. M. Mason, late rebel minister to England, who was captured by Gen. Walker, on board the Trent, is in Montreal, probably waiting pardon from Washington.

George T. Downing, President of the colored delegation at Washington, has addressed a card to their friends in Congress in opposition to the report of the Reconstruction Committee passed by the House on the 10th.

Hon. Amasa Walker, of North Brookfield, is giving a course of lectures on political economy to the senior class at Amherst, reading for the purpose the advance sheets of a work which he will soon publish on that subject.

Gov. Bullock will deliver the annual address, and Dodworth's band of New York will furnish music for the annual concert and graduating exercises at Williston Seminary, Easthampton, the last of June.

Instructions from Washington have been received by Maj.-Gen. Miles to give Jeff. Davis, on his parole, the freedom of the fort, retiring to his room at Carroll Hall at night. Messrs. Shea and O'Connor, his counsel, have been allowed access to the fort and private interviews with him at any time.

Mr. John C. Bailey, a colored man, is a juror in a murder case now on trial in Boston. The *Thriller* thinks this is the first time a colored man has sat on a jury in this State, and probably the first time, in this country, that a colored jurymen has sat in a capital case. Mr. Bailey is the person chiefly instrumental in securing the passage of a law by the present Legislature, to punish the exclusion of colored men from places of public amusement.

It is stated, says the London *Inquirer*, on what we have reason to believe is good authority, that the author of "Ecco Homo" is Mr. Wentmore, who took his degree at Oxford. It is admitted that he kept his name on the college books for several years, and only went into residence again, after a very long absence, about four years ago. He thus combines the freshness of youth with the experience of age, and of active life in no ordinary degree, and it is to this that a great part of the success of his work is due.

A friend recently asked Mr. John Bright, whether his great speeches were delivered without study. His reply was that he usually wrote out on a card three or four of the principal subjects or branches of the subject, and walked about his room for a little while, fitting them to their proper order. "There is one thing, however," added Mr. Bright, "I always prepare, and that is the end of my speech. Before I get up to speak, I always know how I am going to leave off, and that is half the art. Many a decent speaker

has spoken well for a time, but cannot, while speaking, hit upon a few good sentences with which to stop, and at last makes a mess of it and leaves an unfavorable impression."

Frederick Douglass, in a private letter just received, dated Rochester, May 28, says: "There can be no freedom for the freedmen worthy of the name without the ballot. Content for this and you contend for that alone which can make the country safe and the emancipation of the slave complete. I greatly desired to have been present at the late annual meeting of the American A. S. Society in New York, but labors elsewhere in the same cause compelled me to forego the pleasure and the privilege of hearing the noble and wise words uttered on that occasion. I have, however, read them in THE STANDARD."

Gen. Grant seems to have reconsidered his opinion of Robert E. Lee's magnanimity, and finds that he is "behaving badly." "He is conducting himself differently from what I had reason, from what he said at the time of the surrender, to suppose he would. No man of the South is capable of exercising a tenth part of the influence for good that he is, but instead of using it, he is setting an example of forced acquiescence so grudging and pernicious in its effects as to be hardly realized." Pitty Gen. Grant did not know his man when he conceded to him terms of prodigious generosity—a generosity manifested at the expense of the nation, and at a cost we have only begun to calculate.

Lieut.-Gen. Winfield Scott died on Tuesday, the 29th, at West Point. He was born June 13, 1786, and consequently was but two weeks less than eighty years old at his death. His early fame in the war of 1812 and his long public services during the peace that followed, were eclipsed in popular estimation by his brilliant military career in the wicked Mexican war. Latterly, that also was superseded in the general recollection by his unhappy connection with affairs at the outbreak of the rebellion, his timid counsels for peace, his efforts for a compromise that should surrender everything to the South, and his total failure in the military campaign of the summer of 1861, ending in the battle of Bull Run. He had little to do with subsequent events, yet retained much of his popularity. He will always have a respectable reputation as a soldier, and his admirers will endeavor to forget his political career.

On the occasion of the recent Dante festival, the Gonfalonier of Florence forwarded to M. Victor Hugo the Dante medal. It was accompanied by a letter written in that high-down style common to Italian public correspondence. The great French novelist was "requested to accept the medal in Italy's name." To this M. Hugo replied—"M. Gonfalonier. To receive from the Gonfalonier of Florence the jubilee medal of Dante, in Italy's name, is an immense honor, and I am profoundly touched by it. My name is in your eyes synonymous with France, and so you tell me in magnificent language. Ay, there is in me, as there is in every Frenchman, some part of the soul of France; and this soul of France yearns for light, for progress, for peace, for liberty; and this soul of France yearns for the grandeur of all nations, and this soul of France calls Italy's soul sister. Be good enough, M. Gonfalonier, to transmit to my fellow-citizens my profound gratitude, and receive the assurance of my profound consideration.—VICTOR HUGO."

Algeron Charles Swinburne, the new poet, has been making a speech at the Royal Literary Fund dinner, and his appearance thus described: "He spoke in such a low voice that I could only see his lips move and hear no word. But it was enough to see Swinburne's face—especially with his cheek and eye kindled—and I shall never forget it. A small, young, even boyish man; with handsome, regular features and smooth skin; with eyes that glitter; with thin, flexible lips, whose coldness is in strange contrast to the passionate intensity of his eyes; with a great deal of reddish hair that surrounds his face like halo—he seemed to me like some wild bird of rare and beautiful plumage which has alighted in our ungenial climate, and which is likely to die before it is acclimated. No one who has ever looked upon Algeron Swinburne's face would ever doubt that he is a man of genius. As to the poet, his faults no less than his splendors attest the fact that he is the latest inheritor in England of that high laurelship of genius which only the gods can bestow."

In his last diary, Gurowski notices the emancipation of the Polish Peasantry in these touching words: "April 13.—The aspirations of my whole life are finally fulfilled. They have become a fact. * * * I was about ten years old when I began to believe in this emancipation, and to agitate for it. Half a century I spent not only in hope but in working for it; at times attempting to accomplish it. And now it is done, and whatever I suffered or shall suffer, is at least in part, healed. In the name of those restored to the fulness of human rights, the Romanoffs are forgiven for all the misfortunes and evils heaped by them upon the Poles. * * * In the course of the last fifty years, Alexander I., Constantine, Nicholas, Michael, Alexander II., his brother Constantine, six Romanoffs in all, each specially has wronged and hurt me; but now all is forgiven." The poor old man had not long to suffer after this realization of his hopes, and sleeps now, after a sorrowful life, for the griefs and privations of which his own impracticable nature was in a good measure responsible. He was rough, and sometimes relentless; but he was a true-hearted gentleman, penetrated to his inmost heart with the enthusiasm of humanity. God rest his troubled soul!

Mr. Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, refused to be entrapped into a serenade speech for the President's policy, and sent instead a ringing letter of which we extract the closing paragraph: "As my political affiliations in the past have not been doubtful, I do not intend that they shall be so in the future. I have been four times selected to a seat in the United States Senate by the Legislature of Iowa as a representative of the Republican Union party; and as a member of that political organization, I was appointed to the office I now hold. To betray the confidence thus reposed in me would be a manifestation of ingratitude so glaringly dishonorable that I am sure no intelligent member of your organization expects it; nor can it be expected that I will do or say anything which would in my opinion tend to divide or denigrate the great Union organization into the purposes of its creation shall have been fully accomplished."

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant," JAS. HARLAN.

The denunciation of the President for his betrayal of the confidence of his party, is all the more forcible because it is left to unmistakable inferences. Let us be thankful for our incorruptible Cabinet minister—perhaps for two, as Mr. Speed also declined to speak.

Some of our readers may recollect Mr. Handel Cossam, lately travelling and lecturing in this country. His recent candidature at Nottingham gives the *Spectator* occasion for a paragraph illustrating some of the amenities of an English contested election:

"Lord Amberley had coalesced with Mr. Handel Cossam, a Radical of strong teetotal views, whose baptismal name received in consequence from the crowd the prefix 'Rump,' and he was continually appealed to as Pump-handle. Lord Amberley took him up so warmly as to assure the electors that he and Mr. Cossam were 'the only' liberal candidates, and that if they elected anybody else 'they would only be doing harm, not good, to the liberal party.' These tactics, with the candidature of Mr. Bernal Osborne, very nearly sealed the conservative, Sir J. Jenkinson, who canvassed North Wiltshire against Mr.

Long last year, and was reported to have a quarrel with him as to which of the two had the most plate on his side-table, and who united with Mr. Bernal Osborne in chaffing poor Lord Amberley. The crowd, remembering Sir George Jenkinson's wealth in plate, held up silver spoons to him, on which he observed that they were meant, he supposed, to feed Lord Amberley with. Mr. Osborne adopted the same accomplished line of sarcasm, speaking of Lord Amberley as 'the infant phenomenon,' and Mr. Handel Cossam as the Vincent Crummies of the election, and glorying in his own baldness, because it enabled him to say that he had held and avowed the same principles as he avows now while Lord Amberley 'was yet in his perambulator.'"

LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

We are permitted, by the friends to whom it was addressed, to publish the following letter from our friend Mr. Pillsbury, dated Concord, N. H., May 20th.

DEAR FRIENDS: I wish you could all be in Concord to-day. There is no reason to suppose nature has done her best merely on my account. But had she left it to me to get up the day and its accompaniments to celebrate my return, I could not have ordered it so well. The weather is perfect. The trees are full of blossoms, and there are many trees; the air is redolent with fragrance, and the birds serenade me with perpetual song. It is "Paradise regained," if Paradise were ever lost.

My journey yesterday, too, was delightful. The ride, for such a day, was scarcely too long. I enjoyed every mile. Even Connecticut did me homage, in spite of her politics and religion. Her hills and fields were beautiful; her gardens were kindling up their Spring offerings, and God had entered his "first tempests, the groves," and hung them with green. I found pleasant company, and worshipped all the way, a concert of thanksgiving and praise.

But you see, somehow in the midst of the whole of it, I am bad as Lot's ungrateful wife. I, too, am "looking back." "Looking back" is not to get in the way of doing things he would not be willing to do forever and ever. And yet I would rescue THE STANDARD office. And Mr. and Mrs. * * * * and two or three more who could be named. Finally, I will continue my prayers and labors that the whole city, by the grace of God, "the Health Commissioners," and the "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," may be saved. It will be a prodigious economy, I know, should be accomplished. But God is a wise housekeeper, and nothing worth saving ever gets lost. Am I not, then, looking too much at the dark side of the prospect? The poor purblind church, and many more, think me devoid of faith and hope. But all the faith I ever saw in the popular religion of the country would not have carried me through one mob, still less a campaign like ours, from 1840 to 1850. * * * *

I am glad to be once more free. And yet all this morning, I have felt as though I should be writing a leader for THE STANDARD, and have more than once spoken of it. How habits will cling to us! Tell the young * * * * not to get in the way of doing things he would not be willing to do forever and ever. There, dear friends, I have scribbled this first hasty letter on my own desk to you. To-morrow, my garden will order me out at early dawn. There are apple, cherry, and some smaller fruits, in beautiful full blossom; and some little flowers, too, are whispering up from their beds, like wakening children. Hold on, little darlings, I tell them, till to-morrow, and I will be among you.

I must not stop longer now. * * * With most affectionate remembrances to all of you, every one, I am ever, faithfully and truly, yours,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

To Dr. and Mrs. Hudson, W. 23d st., N. Y.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, May 27, 1866.

To the Editor of the Standard:—

From time to time our local railroad companies have been punished for their injustice to the colored people, but neither as often nor as severely as they have deserved to be. The cruelty of their conductors, acting in obedience to their instructions, has sometimes proved more costly than gratifying. They have come to persist in their brutal conduct, and the way of doing things he would not be willing to do forever and ever. There, dear friends, I have scribbled this first hasty letter on my own desk to you. To-morrow, my garden will order me out at early dawn. There are apple, cherry, and some smaller fruits, in beautiful full blossom; and some little flowers, too, are whispering up from their beds, like wakening children. Hold on, little darlings, I tell them, till to-morrow, and I will be among you.

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Miscellaneous Department.

TOO LATE.

BY JEAN INGLEW.

AY, I saw her, we have met—
Married eyes, how sweet they be,
Are you happier, Margaret,
Than you might have been with me?
Silence! make no more ado—
Did she think I should forget?
Matters nothing, though I knew,
Margaret, Margaret,
Once those eyes, full sweet, full shy,
Told a certain thing to mine;
What they told me I put by,
O, so careless of the sign,
Such an easy thing to take
And I did not want it then;
Fool! I wish my heart would break,
Scorn is hard on hearts of men.

Scorn of self is bitter work,
Each of us has felt it now.
Bluest skies she could command,
Self-betrayed of eyes and brow;
As for me I went my way,
And a better man drew nigh,
Fain to earn, with long essay,
What the winner's hand threw by.
Matters not in desert, old,
What was born, and wasted, and yearned,
To year to its meaning told,
I am come,—its deeps are learned—
Come, but there is naught to say—
Married eyes with mine have met.
Silence! O, I had my day,
Margaret, Margaret,
—The Argosy.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

[The following speech was delivered before the
Eleventh National Woman's Rights Convention at
the Church of the Paritians, New York, on Thurs-
day, May 10th.]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I am very glad that all
that will be required of me this morning is to an-
swer to the roll-call, to say "Yes" to my name.
You know you cannot have more than the whole
of a subject. That is not possible. I have only
had the pleasure of listening to the last address,
by our friend Wendell Phillips, and I think if he
had left a suggestion unmade, or any part of the
field unexplored, I would have made an effort
to supply the omission. But as I watched him,
step by step, it seemed to me that the very kernel of
could not have covered his camp and his lines
more effectively, from centre to outpost. Wendell
Holmes said once that there was always a repre-
sentative man who went out of every lecture room
at a certain period, at all seasons of the year,
and in all parts of the country. The lecturer
lectured held a consultation to learn the cause, and
Holmes being a surgeon performed an autopsy, and
found that the reason was that the man's brain was
full; and when he came to that state he went out
I think you must all have come to that state. There
is no speech left for us who follow to make. But I
hope you will allow me a single suggestion.

I think our friend touched the very kernel of the
whole subject when he reminded you that suffrage
was not alone woman's right, but woman's duty.
I believe that to confer the ballot will add but little
to the influence of woman. I am interested in
this question, because I wish to put recognition
power where there already exists unrecognized in-
fluence. I think unrecognized influence is always
dangerous. It acts under no adequate sense of
responsibility. Society does not attempt to check
it. It is unchecked and unwatched. Consequently
it is always doubly liable to corruption. I believe
that to-day it may be said, more truly than of any
other cause in our social philosophy, that woman
rules the State. What chance the Southern rebel-
lion? Women did not make it, but without the
enthusiasm and the frenzy of women on its side,
it never could have been made. What was the
potent influence that almost tore the Republic
apart? Women's. Yet that wide-spread, deep-
anchored force had swayed the Southern mind
for years, under no sense of civil responsibility,
neither watch nor educated, never in the
eye of day, never feeling that it was doing any-
thing which needed to be summoned before the tri-
bunal of conscience.

Our friend said that if woman could vote, she
would shut up the groggeries of this city. She
could shut them up to-day. Albany is nothing
compared with Fashion. What is the Legislature
compared with the tea that permeates society—
the throne that woman first founded and has
ever since filled? More than college, stronger than
church, weightier than trade, more controlling than
all put together, woman is the recognized
queen. If she issued her edict to-day, unflin-
ting, unmisgiving, there could be no doubt
of submission follow.

Fashion is a great thing. Legislation is a large
power. But money is a large power. Why do not
women make money? They have the faculty. The
brother comes into this city. No man knows his
hills. His purse is empty. His word would not be
worth five dollars, and his opinion less. He lives
here a dozen years, walks up and down Wall street,
and finally his name counts for millions. Why
was it? He clutched at all the opportunities which
society gave him. He made himself a force. He
gathered around himself the influences of life and
business connections. Why should not woman?
Albany does not hinder her. There is nothing
on the statute book to forbid. One large, ugly,
irreconcilable fact of a woman was, that she was
by her own will, would be worth quarters of statute
books. Why does she not make it? Because you
do not let her. Because it is reputable for a boy to
go and make money, and it is not reputable for
his sister. Because Fashion says to the girl that
earns her own bread,—You are tabooed; while
Fashion says to the boy that does not earn his
own bread, You are a poppinay. The consequence
is that one earns his own bread, and his place
in the world's panorama besides the other
lacks it.

Where is the remedy? You cannot be legisla-
ted into it. Nothing can help you up at Albany.
No ballot-box will help you, except indirectly.
Issue your law. The medical profession is the
of prizes. The crown that sits on the crown of
before the world. Why does not woman ob-
tain some of them? Why does she not clutch the
largest culture and discipline, and gain the greatest
prizes? If every woman said, "I will take it
extremest peril, the aid of science, I will take it
only at a sister's hand," do you suppose there is a
college in the broad United States that would dare
to shut the doors of its opportunities against a
woman? Not for an hour.

I want to urge it upon your attention, that
large as is the ballot, broad as legislation is, be-
hind it are broader opportunities and a larger in-
fluence; and the only thing that blocks the door
to those paths is your opinion,—an opinion that
you can change. The edict of woman's decisive
opinion, will close the groggeries of New York
city much quicker than the Metropolitan Police
can close them.

The singularity of this cause is that it has to be
argued against the wishes and purposes of its vic-
tims. The slave stood behind us, the irresistible
pulsations of his heart agonizing for his rights.
The unrepresented millions of England were the
voice of John Bright, and as our friend told us,
aristocracy trembles before his half-uttered wish.
But when you come to the Woman question, the
first great abiding difficulty is that woman is her-
self the obstacle, that she fills the largest and most
potent and irresistible in this discussion, that
popular opinion, and she utters her verdict against us.

I would not belittle the ballot, nor fail to ap-
preciate legislation; but I would remind you that
legislation is but a circumstance in the broad circle
of the forces that make and mould civil power.
Business, professional distinction in society, educa-
tion, these are as much the elemental creators of
our civilization as the ballot. The ballot is the law-
book is nothing but the vane on the steeple, and
these are the wind that set its direction. So when
we find fault with the prejudices of this class or
that, against conferring the ballot, it is to be re-
membered that after all, in the largest and most
potent and irresistible in this discussion, that
popular opinion, it is woman herself, who is against
us. Sometimes they say, "That is very true;
but do you expect us to initiate an opinion on this
subject while man remains unconvinced?" That
argument acknowledges your inferiority.

The course of the world's history, is first the
government of force; first, brute strength. An
old Hindoo dreamed that he saw the human race
led out to its varied fortunes; and first he saw
men bit and curbed, and the reins were in the
iron and went back to an iron hand. And he
dreamed on, the legend says, until he saw men
led by invisible threads that came from the
brain, and went back to an unseen hand. The
first was the government of force. The last was

the government of ideas. In this government
of ideas, in the struggle upward, we have some-
thing more noble than selfish interests or party
avenges to govern the country. Woman's brain,
if our cause rests on a sound basis, and our
is to be as prompt and as influential in estab-
lishing the future as man's. There have been but
five or six times in the history of France when
Fashion, in the salons of Paris, would not have
unseated anything. Yet woman never had a vote.
When Napoleon banished Madame de Stael from
France, he acknowledged the power of the throne
she filled, and that his could not withstand her
influence. If the genius of Madame de Stael, the
representative to such extent of the force which
woman can wield in modern society, then this
cause rests upon you first, and almost last,—upon
Fashion.

A sneer at woman's making her living, a lack of
recognition because she earns her bread, just that
flavor of unfashionability which work stamps upon
woman,—in that impalpable, almost invisible, in-
describable power, is the magic that binds Albany
in the chains of male legislation. The legislature
from the streets of New York. You may as
well attempt to whisper back Niagara, as to change
this by legislation. Yet there are forces that can
change it. The very force that gave it to New York.
The prizes of life are before her, and her brother
wins them—large wages, ample opportunities,
breadth for development, every career open. He
takes them. He smoothes the first steps, and
vice, and cultivates ambition. If he fails once, or
twice, he gets up again; and having driven out of
the chamber the devil, he fills it with his honorable
aspirations, with ambition to be worthy of his
father and to do something for the world. Into
which God has sent him. The sister comes into
the city; and she finds starvation wages; wages at
such a rate that they offer no prospect of any rise
even in the future to what her soul aspires to.
Vice comes with gold hand, and she is at-
tended with luxury, in the chariot of ease, and
says, "An hour, and all this is yours." Give men
honest wages, and ninety-nine out of one hundred
will disdain to steal. Give woman honest wages,
labor gives to man, and ninety-nine out of one
hundred will disdain to purchase it by vice. (Ap-
plause.) But you will never fill that grave,
until you enable women to stand before the com-
petition of the crowded streets of this city and make
their choice as men do; not crowded by your reli-
gious bigotry, born of a mistaken ideal St. Paul,
or a fastidiousness which will not allow
woman to work into a few occupations; but
every avenue open to them. Let the fifty thousand
women that must earn a living, have a choice of
five hundred occupations, and dictate terms, in-
stead of standing trembling at the doors and
taking work at one-tenth the price of male labor,
when you cure vice, because you withhold the food
upon which it lives.

Legislation cannot do that. You cannot legisla-
te the tailor into high wages, when a thousand
needle girls stand at the door begging for the wages
of which he has only enough to fill the hands of a
hundred. The sermon on the Mount put into the
statute book would not change it a half cent.
But if fashion, respectability, and the public opinion
of a kind sisterhood, were to say to those thousand
of girls, "It shall be as honorable to you, no mat-
ter where you earn your bread, as it is to your
brother; we trample mistaken Judaism under one
foot and our absurdly ideal St. Paul under the
other; nothing to us the old, false, so-called, delu-
sion, which was the Moloch to which religious bigotry
and mistaken opinion offered up the virtue of two-
thirds of the sisterhood,—in spite of all, go out,
earn your living in some hundred or two occupa-
tions; then at his door the tailor will find fifty
women when he wants a hundred; and they will
dictate terms from the outside, instead of from
within.

Albany cannot help you. Political economy can-
not help you. Help never will come while shrink-
ing man tries to save respectability by clinging to
the needle, and labors only in the secrecy of
home. Gild her pathway with your approbation,
no matter what she walks, in her honest business.
(Applause.) Greet her with the most honorable
recognition, no matter what she does, provided it
be what her brother might do, an honorable man,
under the same circumstances. That immediate
wound of a great city, that social vice before which
modern civilization stands aghast, unable even to
suggest a remedy, will be helpless and conquered,
in the hands of a correct public opinion, that shall
allow woman to make her way upward to ease,
to honor, to wealth, to all that the human race,
unchecked by morbid fashion; and it is you that
make public opinion. The tempter to vice in the
streets of New York is not the *roue*—it is the
respectable, the bigotedly religious, the hypocrite
that lives in a warm mansion within half a mile.
(Applause.) She is the one that binds the limbs
that God made alert, and the powers that God
made strong, and hands the victim over to the ut-
most control of the tempter. Go home and reform
yourself. Go home, and let there emanate from
each one of you, that influence in society which
is the cradle of the realm, at once the creature
and the creator of public opinion, the spur and
the reward, which gathers into its broad circle all
the influences of modern civilization, of which
Greece and Rome knew nothing, which even the
New Testament with its manhood and equality
could not produce, which took its birth in Paris,
born of a woman's elixir, living solely by the in-
spiration of the sex, more potent in shaping the
literature, the religion, and the policy of the last
two centuries than any other force.

We have adequate illustration of the effect that
I am prophesying. Take literature for instance,
which allusion has been made. Woman is an
equal in the literary republic. Genius knows no
sex. Men count women as readers,—even more of
women than of men. What is the result? The
Literature of the Middle Ages, that was not
readable, that had to be expurgated, is lifted to a
higher level. Its tone is broader, and its percep-
tion finer. It is the diapason of the instrument,
before which the classicism of Greece and Rome
was heavy and dull. Woman's influence is felt in
literature; and what is the result? As much as
the average level of the race will permit, literature
really, truly, and honestly represents exactly how
for humanity has travelled.

It is not perfect. I do not quite believe all the
gorgeous touchings of our friend's picture, when he
painted the influence of woman on politics. Litera-
ture is the proof that there are some dark lines
to be added. Potent and equal in the literary
has been, there is much yet to be cured. Give
woman the ballot, and I do not count on the mil-
lennium the next day. No. It will come a very
gradually. In the literary republic, Christianity has given
her much more than the law did. She has a large
representation there, and to some extent a vote;
but her authority is anchored two hundred years
behind the nineteenth century, in spite of it. It
did not save the church. It will not save the
state. But the church cut short her power, and
limited her influence much more than literature has
done; and its marvelous effect is better seen
for the literary republic than in religion. But
both show the almost immeasurable and increas-
ing potency of the presence of this element of
public opinion mingling with ours.

But the largest symbol of what woman can do, in
her own exclusive sphere, and that is fashion; in
society, omnipotent. I do not blame men, why
meet them full of prejudice. I do not feel by any
means that keen agony of interest in this question
which I feel in the slavery question. I do not feel
that intense interest that I did in the temper-
ance cause, because the drunkard asked us to
help him in the effort to rise upon his feet. But
here is woman, educated, influential, walking up
the highways of society, wielding enormous in-
fluence, corrupting the character of the nation
to-day. The keenest observer of French politics
and French society, De Tocqueville, says in one of
the most suggestive and most remarkable of all his
letters, that he was struck by the influence of the
first leaders in the reform movement in France,
to the influence of wives and daughters upon hus-
bands and brothers, inducing them to use the pos-
sibilities for their own private advancement, and
for the family. "Yes," said he, concluding his
letter, "it is the mothers and daughters of France
that have wrecked some of our noblest movements
to help the millions."

Unrecognized influence, which ought to be
turned into acknowledged power, exercised in the
light of day, educated, held to a strict respon-
sibility, rebuked, criticised, held up to scorn, car-
icatured, visited with well-deserved sarcasm, made
to feel that the vice and corruption of the nation
society are not by any means, exclusively man's
fault, rests upon no serious, or earnest difference
of opinion, but upon shades of fashion, delicacy
of taste, fastidious sensibility, and other absurd-
ities; and to that we offer up, day by day, the virtue
of society. LUCRETIA MOTT, at the very first
Woman's Rights Convention assembled in this
country some eighteen years ago, bade us remem-
ber that it would not be men that would be our
great obstacles; that it would not be men that
book; but that we were launching a cause which
would find in the besotted opposition of its own
victims its deadliest foe. (Applause.) That has
not ceased to be true to-day.

Remember also that the moment you issue your
command, every medical college will be open.
The moment you take off your ban, every avenue
of trade will be trodden by women. The moment
you make known your purposes, the statute-book
will record your verdict. Wives and daughters,
you are able in these moments to dictate the policy
of your fathers and husbands.

In Massachusetts we were one of the first steps
towards the recognition of woman's right to prop-
erty, to the selfishness of fathers, about to leave
their daughters dowered with large wealth, and
unwilling to trust it to the chances of their hus-
band's character. They were always anxious to
put it into the hands of trustees; and they found
that men were very much averse, even when bidden
by the strongest friendship, to undertake a large
trust, on account of its dangerous responsibility.
The fathers themselves selected the most conserva-
tive lawyer at the Suffolk bar to draw the statute,
and which we could not have imagined a better,
which secured to wealthy women the control of
their inherited property, even if they were mar-
ried. Again, it was the bank interest of the sav-
ings banks of the Commonwealth, that secured to
laboring women their wages. These causes op-
erated, before the public opinion of the women
themselves demanded the change. Laggard, and
lacking her promptings, the cause that we advo-
cate came up behind the selfish elements of society.
But if, instead of this, the working women or
housewives had dictated their wants, the changes
could have been made. And so they can to-day.

I do not ignore the power of woman. It is too
great; I want it lessened. I am not going to give
the sex any more influence; I am going to diminish
it. Her influence is hidden and all but omnipotent.
Unchecked and irresponsible, it is terrible. I
want it dragged to the light of day. I want it
measured, and labelled. I want it counted and
criticised. I want it educated, and put on record.
I want to be able to find it and index it which I
cannot do to-day. In order to do that, let us
trace home the evil to its very source. Let woman
know that nobody stops her herself. She ties
her own limbs. She corrupts her own sisters.
She demoralizes civilization, and then folds her
arms, and calls it religion (applause), or steps back
and christens it taste. Do you suppose that the
tenants of a thousand pulpits could avail to shut
woman out from nothing but her own opportunity,
if the women of the Empire State determined that
it should be? Find me the motive, and I will
guaranty the ministers to make it commensurate
with the Scriptures. Find me the popular habit,
and I will give you no clergy to give it anchorage
in the New Testament.

THE DEAD SHIP OF HARPWELL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

What flecks the outer gray beyond
The shadow's golden trail?
The white flash of a sea bird's wing,
Or gleam of glancing sail?
Let young eyes watch from Neck and Point
And sea-worn elders pray—
The ghost of what was once a ship
Is sailing up the bay!

From gray sea fog, from icy drift,
From peril and from pain,
The home-bound fisher greets thy lights,
O home-bound sailor maid!
But many a keel shall seaward turn,
And many a sail outstand,
When, tall and white, the Dead Ship looms
Across the dusk of land.

She rounds the headland's bristling pines,
She breaches the idle sea;
No spurds can speed her on,
Nor ebb of tide delay.
Old men still walk the Isle of Orr
Who tell her date and doom,
Old shipwrights sit in Precourt yards
Who hewed her oaken frame.

What weary doom of baffled quest,
Thou sad sea-ghost is't?
What makes thee in the haunts of home
A wanderer and a sign?
No foot is on thy silent deck,
Upon thy helm no hand;
No ripple hath the angry wind,
That smites thee from the land!

For never comes the ship to port
How'er the breeze may blow;
Just when she nears the waiting shore
She drifts again to sea.
No tack of sail, nor turn of helm,
Nor sheer of veering side,
Stereo-form she drives to sea and night
Against the wind and tide.

In vain o'er Harpell Neck the star
Of evening guides her in;
In vain for her the lamps are lit
To light her homeward way;
In vain the harbor-boat shall hail,
In vain the pilot call;
No hand shall reef her spectral sail,
Or let her anchor fall.

Shake, brown old hives, with dreary joy,
Your gray-head winds of ill;
And, over sick-beds whispering low,
Your prophecies fulfil.
Some home amid your birchen trees
Shall drape the deck with weeds,
And slowly where the dead ship sails,
The burial boat shall row!

From Wolf Neck and from Flying Point,
From island and from main,
From sheltered cove and tidal creek,
Shall guide this funeral train.
The dead-boat, with the beacons four,
The mourners at her stern—
And one shall go the old way,
Who shall not more return.

And men shall sigh, and women weep,
Whose dear ones pale and pine,
And sadly over muffled seas
Await the ghostly sign.
They know not that their sails are filled
By thy tender breath,
Nor see the angel at the helm
Who steers the ship of Death!

—Atlantic Monthly for June.

STYLE.—There is no model style. What is pleas-
ing in the diction of one author disgusts us in a
copyist. Every writer is his own standard. The
law by which we judge of his sentences must be
deduced from his sentences. If the style indicate
the character, it is relatively good; if it contradicts
the character, though its cadences are faultless, it
is still bad and not to be endured. We may quar-
rel with a writer, if we please, for possessing a taste-
less nature, but not with the style which takes from
nature its form and movement. The broad of
Johnson's style is heavy and sonorous, resembling
that of an elephant or a mail-clad warrior. He is
fond of leveling an obstacle, by a polysyllabic bat-
tering-ram. Burke's words are continually prac-
ticing the broadsword exercise, and sweeping
down adversaries with every stroke. Addison
draws up his infantry in orderly array, and marches
through sentence after sentence without having his
feet disordered or his line broken. Luther's
words are "half battle," his "smiting, idiomatic
phrases seem to cleave into the very secret of the
matter." Gibbon's legions are heavily armed, and
march with precision and dignity to the music of
his words. He is splendidly equipped; but a nice
eye can discern a little rust beneath their fine
apparel. Macaulay, brisk, keen, lively, and
energetic, runs his thoughts rapidly through his
sentence, and kicks out of the way every word that
obscures his meaning. In France he has stood only
when he has reached his goal, and then drawn forth
such celerity that he is nearly thrown backward by
the suddenness of his stoppage. Jeffrey is a fine
lancer, with a sort of Arab swiftness in his move-
ments, and his words are as nimble as his horse.
Talfourd's forces are orderly and disciplined, and
march to the music of the Dorian flute. Those of
Keats keep time to the tones of the pipe Phœbus.
White's words are often as tipsy with champagne
of the fancy; but even when they reel and stagger
they keep the line of grace and beauty. Webster's
words are thunderbolts, which sometimes miss the
Titan at whom they are hurled, but always leave
enduring marks where they strike. Wordsworth, when
used by a master, the mere dress of thought.
They are, as Wordsworth has happily said, the in-
carnation of thought. They bear the same relation
to ideas that the body bears to the soul. A thought
embodied and embodied in fit words, walks the
earth a living being.—E. P. Whipple.

"MADAM, your boy cannot pass at half fare; he is
too large," said the conductor of a railway train, which
had been long detained on the road by the snow. "He
may too large now," replied the mother, "but he
was small enough when we started." The conductor
gave in, and the boy passed for half fare.

HILL'S HAIR DYE.—50 CENTS.—BLACK OR BROWN.—
Reliable, best, and cheapest in use. Depot, No. 66 John St.
Sold by Druggists everywhere.

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This magnificent and gorgeous establishment, having been re-
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elaborate and attractive place of its kind in the world. At this sa-
loon, ladies and gentlemen visiting New York, will find, at mode-
rate prices, refreshments of every description, ready at a mo-
ment's notice, and served by attentive and obliging waiters.
Four patronage is solicited.
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Gas, in place of Chloroform, in May, 1852, and up to this date
(May 25, '66), has administered it to twelve thousand three hundred
and eighty-nine (12,389) patients. In no case has he failed to pro-
duce insensibility to pain, nor have we had a single case of ill-
effects from the gas. From these facts, we feel that we are just-
ified in pronouncing the gas entirely harmless. Every patient
has signed our certificate (now nearly 500 feet long), certifying
to the above facts. We are willing to say to all patients,
"We will charge you nothing, if we cause you pain." Price, retail
bottle, \$2.00; each subsequent bottle, \$1.00. COLTON DENTAL
ASSOCIATION, 19 Cooper Institute, New York.

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Ask for ROOPE'S FRAGRANT ODONTOLINE, and take no
other.

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Resulting from any cause whatsoever.

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REDUCED BY

SEVERE HARDSHIPS,

EXPOSURE,

FEVERS,

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Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors
for their almost miraculous effects.

Will cure every case of

CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY

AND

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of
the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidi-
ty of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food,
Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructa-
tions, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of
the Stomach, Swimming of the
Head, Headache and Dis-
cull Breathing.

Fluttering
at the Heart,
Choking or Suffo-
cating Sensations when in
a lying posture, Dimness of Vision,
Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and
Pain in the Head, Difficulty of Respiration,
Fulness of the Stomach and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back,
Chest, Limbs, etc., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the
Face, Constant Imaginations of Evil, Great Depression of Spirits.

That this Bitters is not Alcohol, contains no Stim or Whiskey, and
cannot make Drunkards, but is the Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

(From the Rev. W. D. Seligman, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist
Church, Phil.)

GENTLEMEN: I have recently been laboring under the distressing
effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the
nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by
friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoof-
land's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had
tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters in-
duced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to
Patent Medicines from the "doomed and quick" quality of
them, whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and
drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the ten-
dency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard.
Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I
took it, with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach,
but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel
that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of
a